

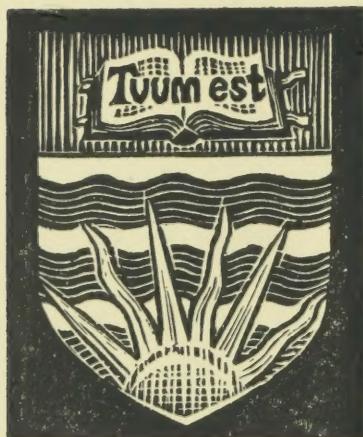
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Quebec Tercentenary

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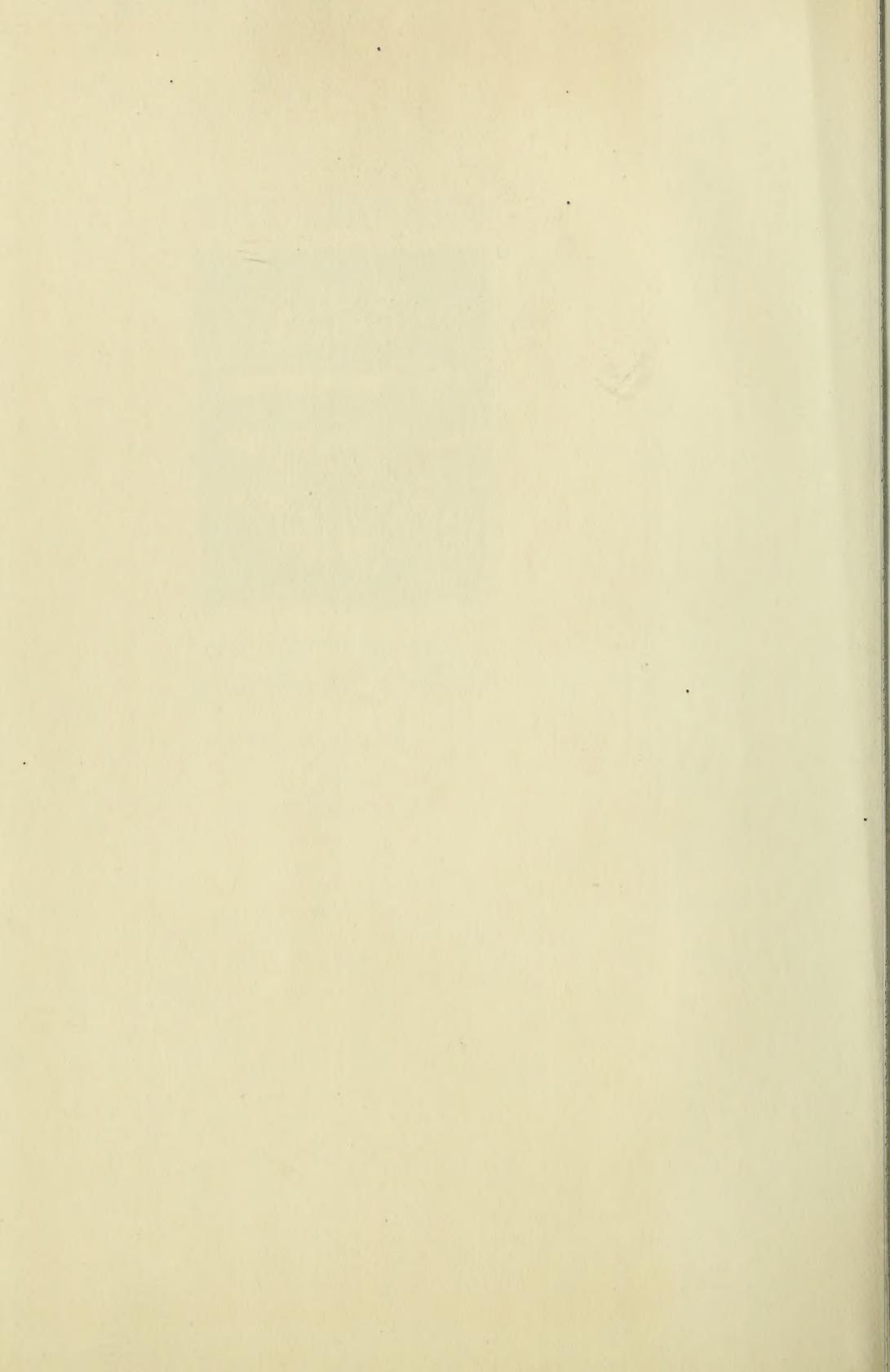
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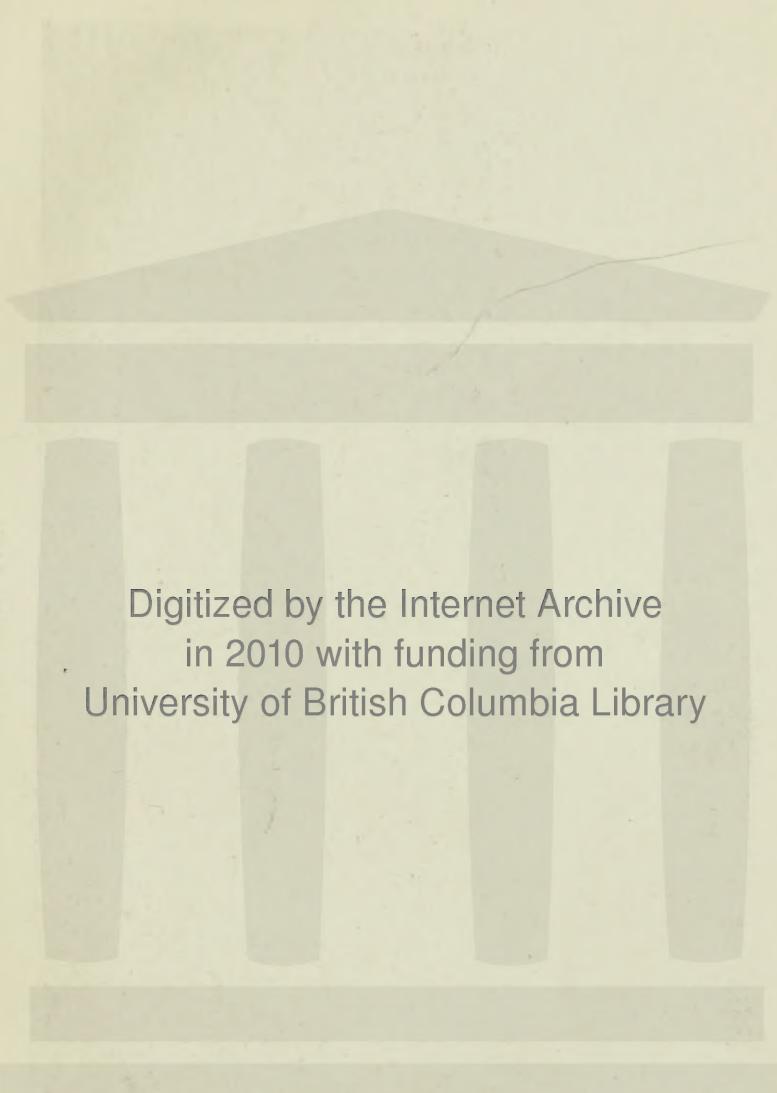


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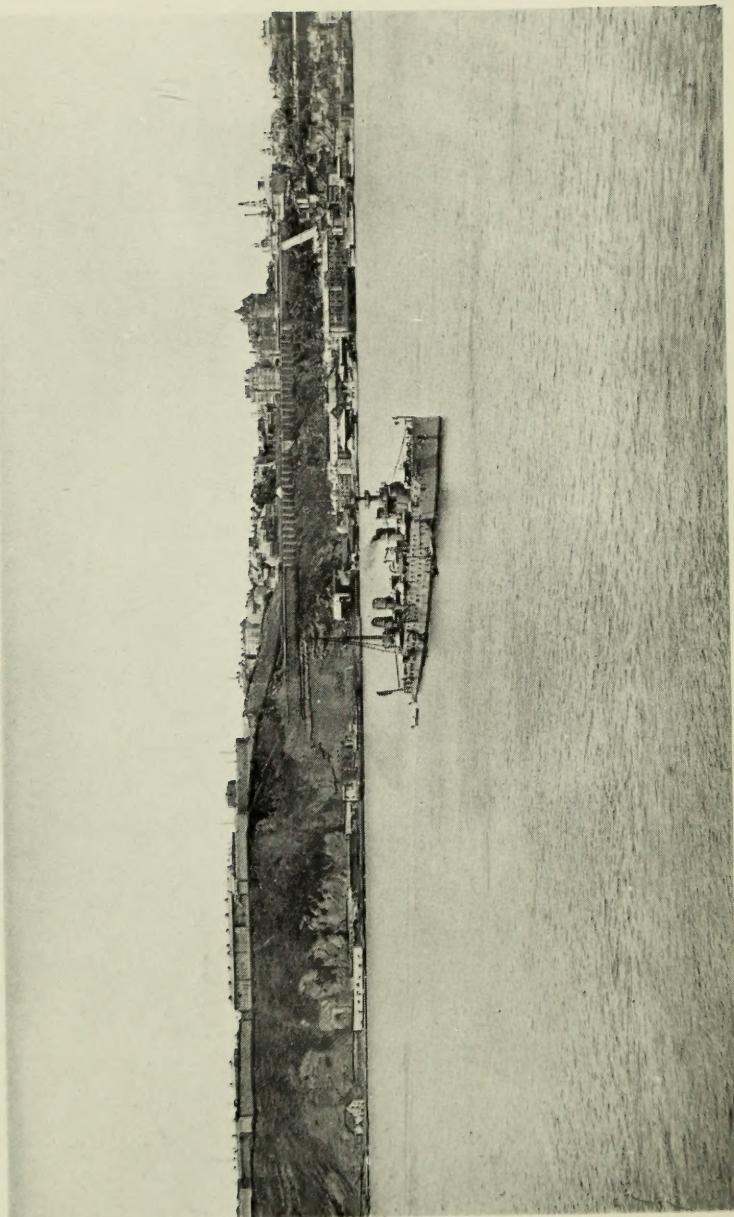
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Quebec from Levis.

The Quebec Tercentenary

BY

THOMAS WILSON

(Minister of Rosemount, Aberdeen)

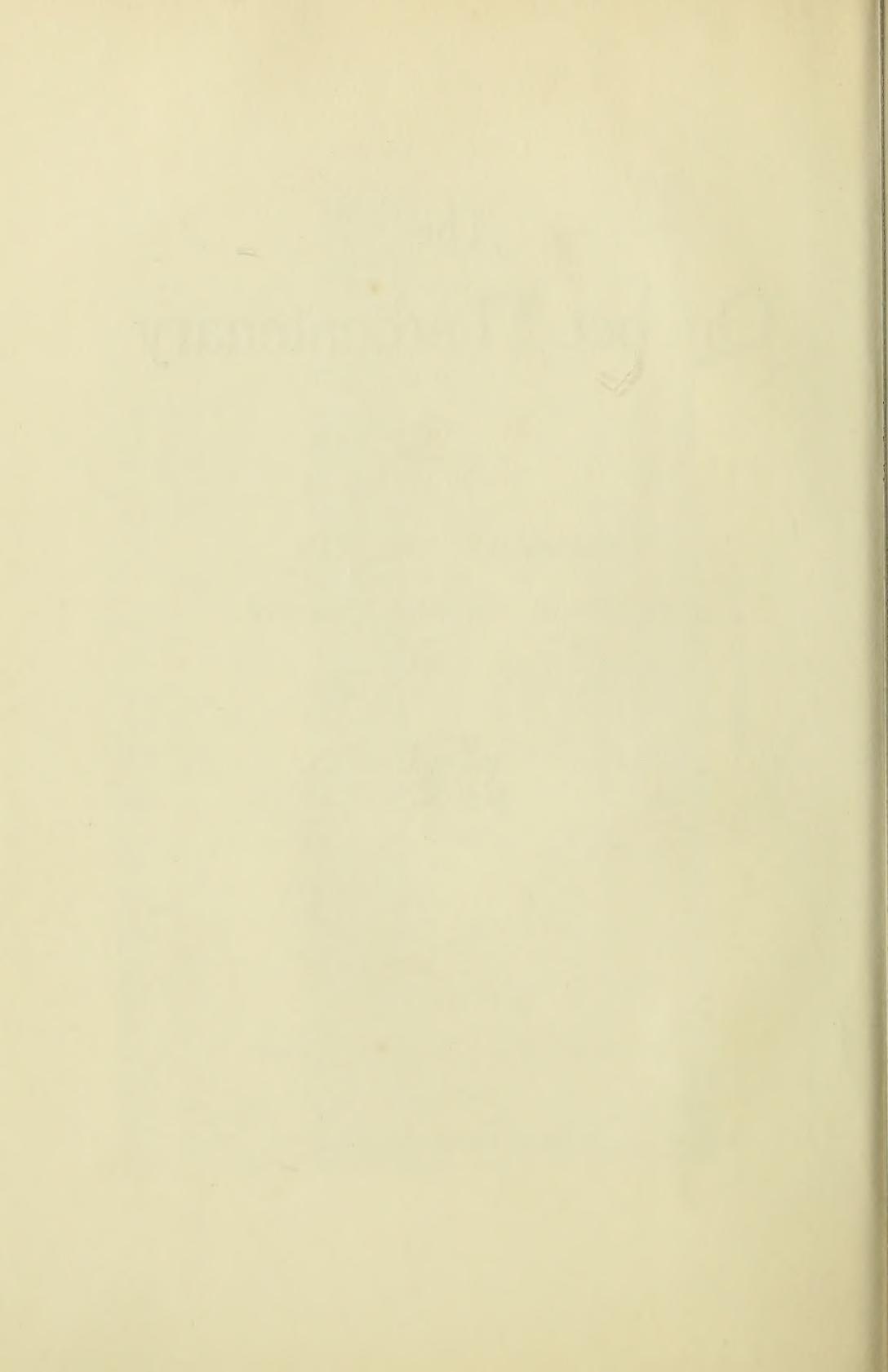


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P R E F A C E.

THE brief account of Canada's birthday celebrations contained in this little volume has already been published in the *Aberdeen Daily Journal* and *Evening Express*. Many kind friends have been good enough to express their interest. For this reason I have ventured to put the contents in a more permanent form. The narrative contained was written on the ramparts of Quebec, between two of the grey old guns—formidable enough looking still, though sadly out of date now. The brilliant Canadian sunshine was all around. There was the music of human voices in the subdued distance, and from time to time the strains of military music were heard. The atmosphere was one which induced visions. Looking out across the broad St. Lawrence, one vision, the vision of the past, arose—the day when the white man first came to this, then virgin, land, with all his restless energy and novel

methods and ideas. And the vision also of a hundred years hence, when the present population of this northern and western land will have been fused into one great people, multiplied again and again—as they will be in this fertile country—and augmented by the strenuous sons of the European nations, a dominant force in the civilisation of that day. The gliding river beneath and the wistful hills behind will see it: we, only in visions.

T. W.

The Quebec Tercentenary.

I.

THE CITY: ITS SITE AND ITS HISTORY.

Six days from Liverpool, steaming north-west of Ireland with its rugged northern shore, across the Atlantic in a flattened semi-circle, and then south-west through the dreaded Belle Isle Straits, and up the wide St. Lawrence, will bring you to Quebec,—at least, if you are wise enough to go by a first-rate boat like the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's "Empress of Britain," and supposing, too, that you get safely through the fairly numerous icebergs and the somewhat bewildering sea-fogs which meet you off the forbidding coast of Labrador, which is as much a "land of Cain" to-day as it seemed to be to the pious Frenchman, Jacques Cartier, when he saw it for the first time. It did send a chill to the

heart of many of our immigrants on board—the sight of this snow-clad, ice-bound land, wearing unshamed its chilling winter garments even though it was the month of July. But beyond the narrow strait between Labrador and Newfoundland, what a sudden change of temperature! In a moment we burst through winter's gate into full-fledged summer. Officers of the ship emerge in snowy white, and even the most energetic Scots agree that a lounge-chair on deck and a book are just exquisite. After passing many hundred miles up the Gulf of St. Lawrence (which we find bearing the same name in the old French maps, “*Fleuve St. Laurent*”), through what is perhaps the most marvellous gulf in the world—fifty Firths of Clyde in one—affording a panorama of forest, cliff, green meadow, and sweet nestling cots, which no pen could adequately describe, there bursts upon us—unique among cities in the Old World or the New—Quebec. It is a city of romance. You seem to have dreamt it, or seen it ages ago in some former condition of life. There is nothing to be compared with it on the American Continent.

One of its early governors, Arangour (1663), said : “ The St. Lawrence is the entrance to what may be made the greatest State in the world.” This is almost certainly a true prophecy. But many of us will hope that Quebec will remain as it is, surrounded by an atmosphere of poetry. She is the door of prayer, the city on the great river, from either side of which solemn-voiced bells invite men to pray. We may utterly disagree with the faith which is there predominant; but the whole setting, alike natural and historical, is religious. It is a Mount Zion of the West—the city set on a hill which cannot be hid.

THE ENVIRONMENT OF QUEBEC.

What could be more impressive than the geological, geographical, and historical environment of Quebec? It is a city clinging, almost with desperation, to the face of a cliff—the Gibraltar of the Western world. It typifies our humanity—ever seeking to retain its hold on existence. Of all cities in the world, it is the one which is founded on the rock. Tradition

says that in the year 1663 there was a severe earthquake at Quebec, followed by a religious revival. But the city is laid on the oldest of all foundations—on, literally, the earth's floor. Quebec stands on an outlying spur of the Laurentian Mountains, which are composed of the oldest rock known to geologists. The only other parts of the world where it is found in abundance are our own Lewis in the north-west of Scotland, and Scandinavia. The Laurentians formed a raised ridge far back in time before the Aberdeen granite had been lifted up. They seem to suggest eternity, and echo an old psalm of the enduring hills. Then, geographically, the situation of Quebec is arresting. To the south, beyond the intervening Canadian territories, lies the United States, which probably has long given up the hope of annexing the Dominion. The Canadian is a distinct type, and a strong man. He believes that the future lies with him rather than with the men of the South, and proudly tells you that he is more loyal to the Empire than the British of the old country themselves. To the north the land stretches over vast forests and

lakes to the perpetual white. To the west, behind us, there are the new lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, into which the strenuous youth of several lands are rushing, and whose potentialities it is almost impossible to reckon. To the east lies the hungry Atlantic; and out there somewhere, we know, is the grey old mother with the long arms, ready and able to defend her own.

THE EARLY PIONEERS.

The history of Quebec brings up many faces, and many striking scenes. We think of such varied types of men as Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve, Laval, Montcalm, Wolfe, Riel, Strathcona. We think of a yet older race of heroes, whose names are in no text-book of history—the children of the wild, who fought, suffered, and died before the white man came. Somewhere in her big heart the Great Human Mother holds a place for them. Quebec must ever ring pathos to the French patriot. It was the centre once, round which, as Frenchmen fondly dreamed, a great New France would be

built. The strong arm of the British, smeared in blood, has for ever dispelled the dream. The Canadian-French may or may not be absorbed a hundred years hence: their language and religion may or may not be swamped; but they can only live as part of Canada, and, for a long time to come at least, under the protecting arm of the Empire. France is powerless to help them, even supposing she desired. Annexation by the States means absorption. Nobody knows that better than the priest, and this is why he makes such strenuous efforts to keep the French-Canadian away from the allurements of the American factories. The one hope of that French Canada, of which the city on the cliff is the capital, is under the British flag. The tricolour is good for holidays, but it is useless if it came to anything more serious.

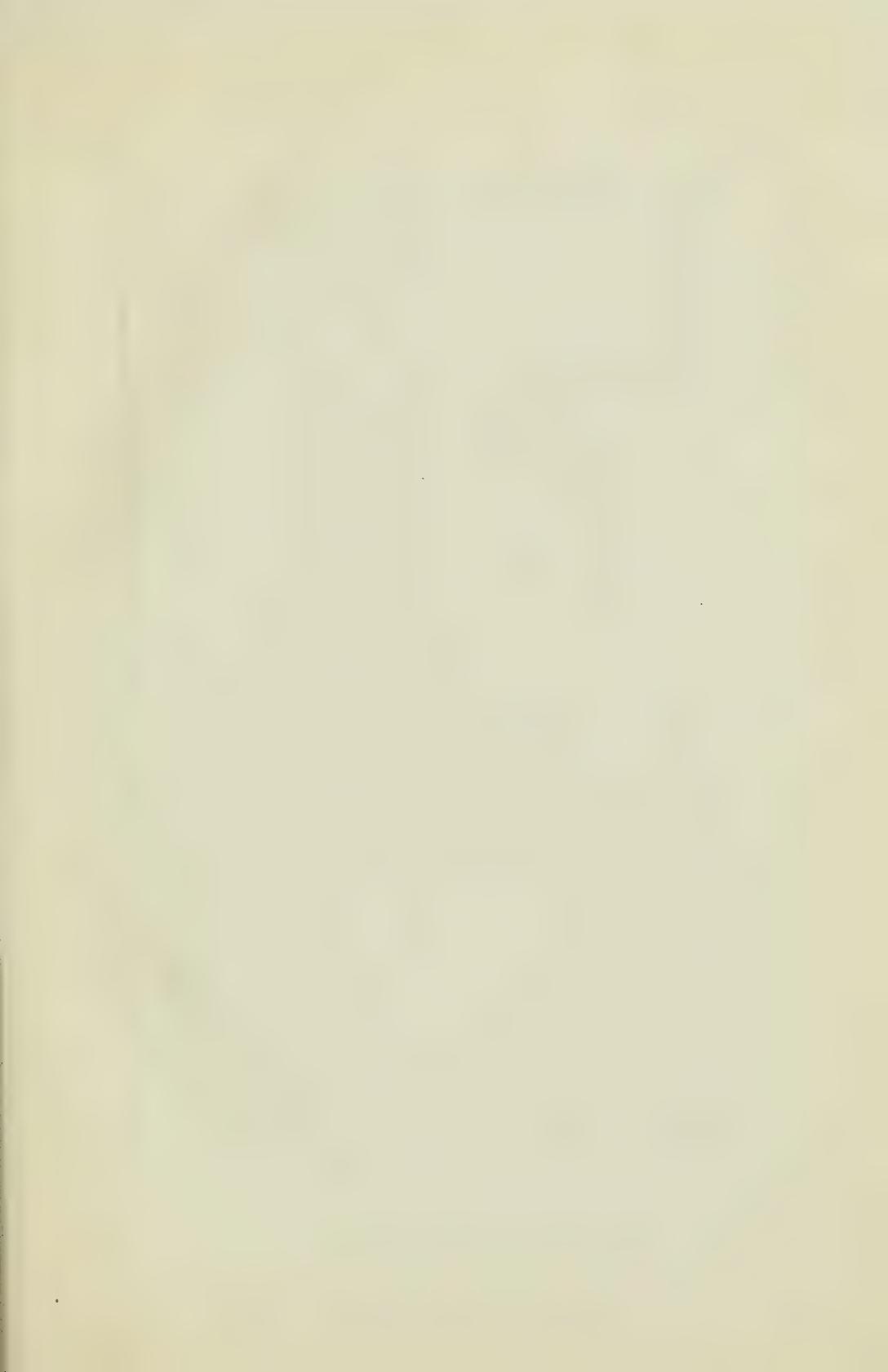
Everywhere in Canada you feel the beating of a great young heart. One day it will be the heart of the world's protagonist. In Quebec there is just a kind of echo of this pulse. There is not the feverish rush of the twentieth-century Anglo-Saxon streaming out west. It is the

dreamy language of the Middle Ages almost that you see written on men's faces. It is the tragedy of life that it was the fathers of these lethargic Frenchmen of Quebec who did the pioneer work of the colony. The French of the days of Champlain, and long after, were brave men. They went into the trackless wilds of forest and river. They ventured where the cruel Iroquois lurked. Some idea of the danger may be formed when we are told that often men nominally possessed land, to occupy which would have meant losing their scalps. A Jesuit said of the Indians: "They approach like foxes, attack like lions, and disappear like birds." They were like the Japanese to their Russian enemies—they seemed to come from the clouds. We can never forget what the brave French pioneer settlers, and specially their priests, did to win the Indians to Christianity and the ways of peace. Doubtless their methods would not always have commended themselves to us. We are told how Iroquois prisoners were instructed and baptised by the French priests, and then put to death. We feel that it was small compensation to be told that they thus

went forthwith to heaven. The French in Canada, with their marvellous increase in population, their separate tongue, and Middle Ages Catholicism, and ardent desire to go their own way, or at least to be left alone, present a difficult problem; and in Quebec more than in any other town do you feel the burden of this. If Quebec had been British, it would almost certainly have been long ago a far more important place commercially. But then there are some who would rather have the old-world atmosphere and the call to prayer.

THE SCOT IN CANADA.

To the Scottish visitor, Quebec, with its old-fashioned churches, convents, and houses, with its narrow streets, and its famous University, named after the great Canadian ecclesiastic, Laval, brings up many thrilling memories. In 1621, James I. gave to Sir William Alexander a vast tract of land, including the site of Quebec. In July of the year 1629, Quebec was captured by the brothers Kirk, who, though actually English, bore one of the most Scottish of names.





A Bit of Old Quebec.

But the scene of all which thrills our Northern blood was when Fraser's Highlanders ascended the heights to the Plains of Abraham. As the broad-breasted "Empress of Britain," with her irresistible force of progress, steamed up the St. Lawrence, I could not help going back a century and a half and picturing to myself these Highlanders brought over in the somewhat crazy vessels of that time—the men whose leading gave Canada to our empire, and a great deal more, on many a hard-fought battlefield. These same Scots are to-day the foremost men in the world of commerce and finance. In Canada they say: "The Scot is always in the front." Specially true is this of men from the North. The new land and its difficulties seem to awaken the slumbering blood of soldier fathers in them—the blood of Wallace and Bruce. Bright as is this picture, there is a sad side to it. There are men in the province of Quebec,—whole villages of them,—who bear the names of Macintosh and Fraser and other honoured Highland names, who speak the French tongue, and have forgotten their descent. I have spoken to some who did not even

know that they bore Scottish names. I have noted again and again in the street faces which suggested to me days among the hills—clean-cut Celtic features of the Scottish type. But when you heard them speak, it was the Norman French. They had forgotten their father's race. They were under the heel of the priest—they whose fathers had been the children of Knox! Somewhere deep down in my heart there broke a sob.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

The Tercentenary is just the celebration of Quebec's third birthday, for in the case of nations and cities, we reckon by hundreds of years. How much water has passed through the narrowing strait of the river, from which Quebec or Kebec derived its Indian name, since Samuel de Champlain landed there on his third voyage to found a city! Champlain was an interesting man. He was born at Brouage—which is now a decaying hamlet of France, some two miles from the coast—in 1567. He was thus forty-one when he founded Quebec. Sprung of a seafaring race, he

was soldier, traveller, and author. He acted as lieutenant of the new colony, and joined hands with the Algonquins and Hurons against the cruel and treacherous Iroquois. The Canadian colony lived on in spite of opposition at home. There were "Little Englanders" of France then, as of our own land to-day. The isolation of Champlain and his settlers may be gauged from the fact that, at the time when he landed in 1608, the only other Europeans on the Atlantic coast were some Spaniards at St. Augustine, and some Englishmen at Jamestown. Of the Indians with whom he had to do, Champlain tells us how, in torturing their prisoners, they tied them to a tree, applied a burning brand to their naked bodies, poured water on their wounds, tore their nails off, and dropped hot gum on their scalpless heads, opened their arms and tore the tendons out. Yet, marvellous to relate, in many cases the sufferers never uttered a cry. Who can measure the moral courage of a man like Champlain, who could tear himself away from all the amenities of civilisation to live in such an environment? To cheer his loneliness, he brought with him to

the new land a rich young Protestant wife, who eventually became a Catholic, and died in an Ursuline convent of France. In 1629, Champlain had to surrender Quebec to the British Fleet, and was carried captive to England; but, being set at liberty in 1632, he returned to Canada, and died there on Christmas Day, 1635, of a paralytic stroke. Strange to say, the exact spot of his grave is a matter of dispute. He was a brave man and true, and well deserved the name "Father of New France." The French of Quebec, (and we are told that the British are being gradually squeezed out of the whole province), are thus the descendants of men like Champlain. They are the offspring of soldiers. Yet to-day the "habitant" is a quiet, unwarlike man, who loves his wife, children, and home, is grateful to the British Government for a peaceful life, but is marked by gratitude rather than true loyalty. The French Canadian is no Imperialist, we are told. His heart still harks back to France. France is the true mother; Britain is only the strong-armed, if also kindly, stepmother.

II.

THE HISTORICAL PAGEANTS.

On the morning of the 20th July I was running down in the train from Montreal. On that day one felt that all eyes were turned towards the city on the cliff. Quebec was the magnet drawing the whole world towards herself. The week of the Tercentenary, for which such elaborate preparations had been made, was begun. Even as I left Montreal (the financial capital of the province) to go to that other capital city, I realised that there was excitement in the air. We started early, for the distance is great, although in this country men speak of 120 miles or so as only a little distance. Their scale of measurement is different from that of the old Eastern lands.

Nobody could fail to be struck by the motley character of the crowd which journeyed with us. A modern Chaucer would have found a richer,

more variegated theme than that of the *Canterbury Tales*. British of the old land were there. You know them at once. They have the home stamp. There were British of Canada—all sons of the empire are British. There were French of Quebec, whose features call up visions of villages in Old Normandy, and whose eyes in many cases have the gleam of the wild men who held the forests before the French or British came. French also were there from Sunny France, with whom we sympathise. They must have long regrets as they look on this land, once the boasted New France, and now for ever passed to others. There were agile Americans from the United States—men of varied hues, according to the latitude of their homes. And Indians, ever pathetic figures, for they do not even have the satisfaction of the prolific Canadian French. Their tribes in many cases are dying out. Some in the motley crowd are difficult to locate. There are men who are cosmopolitan in a sense which is hardly complimentary. The tongues of the Tower of Babel are in this train. One was glad to hear at least one homely Scottish voice

on this particularly uncomfortable, blazing July day. It was sweeter than the iced water which is always thoughtfully provided in the Canadian trains.

QUEBEC EN FETE.

At last we are in Quebec. It has changed since we saw it last, a few weeks ago. It has donned holiday attire in full now. We go straight to our lodging, for, with characteristic Scottish foresight, we had secured accommodation some weeks before. Even then we were told that we were just in time. Our choice was practically limited to the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, the tent city being erected, and a certain Roman Catholic Home. At first my two Scottish friends and I chose the Y.M.C.A. A certain far-away corner of the gymnasium, where we thought we could not be disturbed, a huge window, and the run of the swimming baths were attractive. The tent city sounded romantic, but somebody suggested that revolvers would be advisable, and mentioned newspaper authority for crowds of bad characters flocking from the States and else-

where. We did not wish to shoot, and still less to be shot. So at first we preferred the more reassuring atmosphere of the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium corner. Later on, we were lucky enough to secure private rooms. Prices are high. Even a modest corner costs a couple of dollars (over eight shillings) each per night. But wandering Scots at Tercentenary celebrations cannot be choosers. That is the up-to-date form of an old proverb.

We pass into the streets, and lo! the centuries have rolled back. Here is a reincarnation of past history. The children walk abroad in their dead fathers' garments. Strange figures of the mighty vanished throng the streets. One could almost persuade oneself that the resurrection was come,—that the trump of God had been blowing up the broad St. Lawrence through the night, more rousing than the guns of the battleships. In the full dress of the days of Champlain, the founder of the city, mounted herald-at-arms and men of the watch parade the streets. It is the Quebec of the old regime, a century and a half before Wolfe and his Highlanders stormed

the heights, that we live in. Everywhere there is marvellous colour in dress, suggesting a rich flower garden, and specially many varieties of sweet pea. How sombre and grey male dress has become since those former times !

THE FLEET—ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

But we pass on, and from the high ground above the river, from the exalted Dufferin Terrace, we gaze down ; and, just to show us that it is still the twentieth century, there lies at anchor the British fleet,—the most modern vessels of their kind,—the grey warhounds of the mighty empire which won Canada because she held the sea, and which will continue to hold Canada, India, Australia, and the rest, only so long as her paramountcy on the sea remains unchallenged. There are also two French battleships, and one American. But the former look a bit out of date, and the latter too showy. They do not suggest the grim efficiency of the British dogs of war. A conspicuous mark of British rule has always been

her sincere respect for subject peoples. Other races have doubted the wisdom of the policy, but it is questionable if anything has so much conduced to the grandeur and stability of the world's greatest empire as that combination of firmness with kindly consideration which has ever characterised British government. The spirit of which I speak is manifest all through the celebrations—some people think too manifest. There is a patent desire not to wound the feelings of the French-Canadian. This is shown on the very first day of the Tercentenary by the congress of French-speaking doctors of North America. It was, moreover, by this courtesy and consideration, that the original prejudice of the French-Canadian against the holding of the celebrations was overcome.

The Monday's proceedings were only a foretaste of what we saw afterwards. On Tuesday there was a grand reception of the official guests, and of the French and American fleets. It was noteworthy that there were representatives of all the British possessions present. Nowhere does the pride of empire swell higher than in Canada;

nowhere is a greater emphasis laid on the solidarity of the British race. In the afternoon the pageants which had been so ably and artistically organised by Mr. Frank Lascelles were given on the historic Plains of Abraham,—a stage whose sublime impressiveness it is impossible to describe in words. But before proceeding to furnish a brief account of some of the outstanding features of the pageants, I would speak of the coming of the heir of the crown of the empire. It was on Wednesday that the Prince of Wales arrived. The ovation which he received was fierce in its intensity. This man, you could feel, stood to those who greeted his arrival for the power and the policy of the empire and the race. Nothing could be more impressive than the sight of the “Indomitable” drawing near—that last word in combined sea speed and fighting power. There was much music everywhere, and great jubilation.

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE PAST.

In marked contrast to this was the representation of the event which we celebrate. Here

the intervening centuries are again blotted out
The British Empire is still a dream, the “In-
domitable” unimagined. Where now there are
green fields and snug farmhouses, with their cosy
air of comfort and domestic peace, there are the
dark primeval forest, and the dusky forms of
untutored men. The St. Lawrence then, as now,
passes

Swift from Ontario’s side
Hating the lake’s cold embraces.

· · · · ·
Trending through darkness and day,
Fondling the dawning and gloaming;

but, with one or two exceptions, as yet her waters
are familiar only with the red man’s canoe. A
small, fragile-looking vessel arrives, pathetic in
its insignificance. It bears a religious name.
Men did nothing in those days without the
sanctifying accompaniment of religion, such as
it was. It is the “*Don de Dieu*” (God’s Gift),
and Champlain is on board. It is the first birth-
day of the historic city in which we are. All
honour to the brave Frenchman who, in the face
of unnumbered difficulties, laid the foundation of

Canada! May the wreaths laid on his statue never wither!

One would like to speak at length of many other historic scenes. We see Jacques Cartier landing nearly a century before Champlain's founding of Quebec. We see the surprise of the Indians as the white man's vessels draw near, and the sound of the sailors singing comes over the water. We see the Cross set up, and listen to the pious Cartier reading a portion of St. John's Gospel—"In principio erat Verbum, et Verbum erat apud Deum." We see the gay court at Fontainebleau, and the Indian chief Donnacona brought from Stadacona, kneeling before Francis I., king of the French, and, through an interpreter, telling him of a marvellous land of gold and rubies, inhabited by a white people like the French—a people who ate no food, and to whom nature had given only one leg. (One thinks of the fable of the stork.) We see the beautiful Hélène Boullè, the young wife of Champlain, who was brought when a mere girl to the Wild West, and who wore a mirror suspended from her neck; so that the Indians, who saw

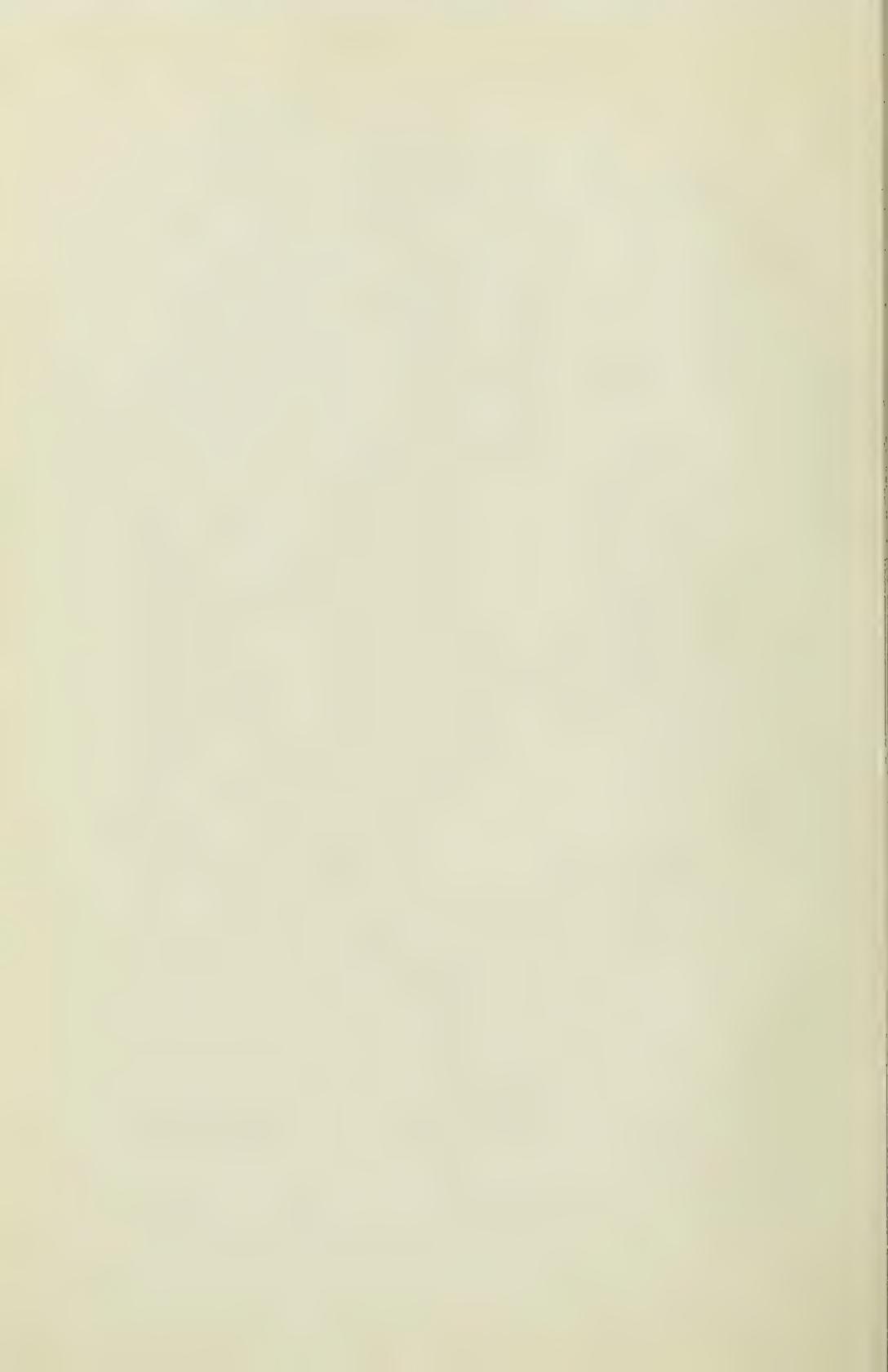
their image in the mirror, reverenced her, and said to their friends that she carried their likeness in her heart. There are the devoted Ursulines, with their saintly Marie de l'Incarnation; and these strenuous missionaries, the Jesuits. (The presentation of this was too prolonged, and somewhat artificial). Monsieur Laval and the Marquis de Tracy pass before us, alive, as in the days of the flesh.

FRONTENAC'S DEFIANT ANSWER.

Once again, with the pride of race gleaming in his eyes and with much eloquence, Daumont de Saint Lusson takes possession of the West in the name of the king of France. We hear once more the historic reply of the gallant Frontenac to the blindfolded lieutenant of the British Navy demanding that the town should be forthwith surrendered to the English Admiral Phips: "It is by the cannon's mouth, and by musket-shot, that I will send my answer!" As a loyal Britisher, one could hardly relish the applause with which this was greeted, presumably by the



A Huron Indian at the Tercentenary.



French-Canadians in the immense audience. We have specially to note, in all the scenes in which they appeared, the excellent dramatic power displayed by the red men. I suppose the fact that they are more children of nature than the white men accounts for their undoubted superiority in the histrionic gifts. A splendid body of braves they were. After the pageants were concluded, I went down amongst them to size them physically; and, without exaggeration, quite a number were of gigantic build, and all were exceptionally strong and active men. It gave you quite an uncanny feeling to see their stealthy, feline movements, when attacking the white men, creeping from bush to bush, and tree to tree.

But there are two scenes in the series of pageants which must ever remain in the memory of the onlookers. These, however, I must reserve for another chapter.

III.

THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS.

Everybody should be acquainted with George Murray's stirring poem, "How Canada Was Saved." It carries you at once away to the Wild West of other days, and thrills you with admiration for the heroes of whom it speaks—

Beside the dark Utawa's stream two hundred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought which all the world should know.

Then he goes on to tell of the men who swore,

On flood or field, to challenge, face to face,
The ruthless hordes of Iroquois, the scourges of their race.

And then, in marked contrast to the fierce oath and to the last grim slaughter, which is like a scene from hell,—

Soft was the breath of balmy spring in that fair month of May,
The wild flower bloomed, the wild bird sang on many a budding spray,

A tender blue was in the sky, on earth a tender
green,
And peace seemed brooding like a dove, o'er all the
sylvan scene.

THE DOLLARD PAGEANT.

In all the annals of sacrifice it is perhaps impossible to get a more beautiful example than that of Adam Dollard (or Daulac) and his sixteen comrades. One felt, when passing the historic spot at the Long Sault where they made their last stand, that here there was a shrine where all brave men should pay homage. Through the realism of the fourth pageant, we see the courageous young French officer, upon whose fair name there was a stain for some act of folly done, who chafed under the disgrace, and was resolved, by his life if need be, to atone for it. The news comes that the crafty and well-organised Iroquois, who from the first had been sworn foes of the French, had resolved to attack the young colony with an overwhelming force, and utterly destroy it. Young Dollard feels that his chance has come. He resolves to save New France by

his own life. Along with sixteen other Frenchmen, he takes a solemn religious oath that quarter will neither be asked nor given. They were joined by a few friendly Indians.

At the rapids of the Long Sault,—through which the visitor to Canada is swiftly carried by the fine new boat the “Rapids King,”—they found an old circular enclosure of logs, which the Indians had built. This they strengthened, and then waited. In a day or two an advanced detachment of the Iroquois came. These the Frenchmen severely handled. But other five hundred came on. Things looked very black for the heroes. With the exception of five, the Indians deserted, to meet with the fate which they deserved. Still the French held out. Attack after attack was repulsed. But it was manifestly a lost struggle for Dollard and his men. At length Dollard himself was killed. Still the survivors fought desperately on. Through the premature bursting of a musketoon crammed with powder and shot,—which struck the top of the palisade, as it was being thrown out among the Indians, and rebounded among the French them-

selves,—many of the defenders were killed or wounded. When at last the Iroquois forced their way in, every Frenchman was down, and only four were alive.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM SCENE.

The other scene which, with the one just described, specially impressed me was the first of the two battles on the plains of Abraham, by which Canada passed to the British—Wolfe's victory over the gifted and gallant Montcalm on 13th September, 1759. The scene depicted carried us back to the days of our great-grandfathers. The British held the sea. Montcalm, one of the ablest soldiers that France has ever produced, as his long series of victories proves, had a large force, and had the additional advantage of holding the walled and fortified city of Quebec. Behind Montcalm was a vast country affording him supplies. The British artillery held the opposite bank of the river, and had done terrible damage. Wolfe, after the failure of his attempt below Quebec, had seized a position

above the city. He conceived the daring plan of scaling the heights, and thus cutting Montcalm's connection with the rear-country. By careful searching he discovered a path; and, under the shadow of night and the high cliffs, in silence, save for the boom of the guns across the river, Wolfe and his men drifted down in their boats. They were challenged. In perfect French, an officer of Fraser's Highlanders (now the Seaforth Highlanders) answered the sentry. The ascent was made. The guard was overpowered. The last day of French dominion in Canada dawned on the British lines, nearly five thousand strong, drawn up on the Plains of Abraham. Montcalm attacked early. He knew that the longer he delayed, the more would the British be reinforced. The British soldiers reserved their fire until the enemy were about forty paces distant. Then came one crushing volley, and they were in with the bayonet. The nerve of the French,—a good many of whom were militia,—gave way. Wolfe was shot for the third time just as the enemy broke. The wound was mortal. He issued one last command—to cut the retreating French off



Canadian Highlanders returning from the Plains of Abraham



at the St. Charles River. He died on the battle-field. Montcalm, also mortally wounded, was carried into the city. He is buried in the Ursuline Convent, in a grave made by a shell which burst in the chapel during the bombardment,—most appropriate of all graves for a soldier.

OVER-DEFERENCE TO FRENCH FEELING.

The pageant was magnificent, and as realistic as it could be made by representations of the actual uniforms of the time, taken from exact models supplied by the British and French War Offices, and, in the case of Fraser's Highlanders, by Lord Lovat, the head of the clan. As far as the pageant went, however, it ended with the British lines drawn up in front of Quebec on the Plains of Abraham. Personally, I was disappointed with this. I wanted to see the Highlanders charge. But I suppose, in deference to that over-coddled French-Canadian prejudice, the actual battle was not presented. The spirit of conciliation should certainly never mean the subservience of the dominant race. It goes against the grain,—to an old-country Britisher at least,—

to see the French language put above the English. If one did not know the facts, he might imagine that the British were the subject people. The tone of some of the speeches delivered in French was certainly galling to British ears. Quebec, which just means the French-Canadian first, Canada second, and the Empire a lagging third, was the spirit of more than one. This will not do. The Empire, without whose long guns to protect it Canada could not exist, must for Canadians, as for us, come first. No shadow of a doubt on this point should be permitted.

Yet, as regards the past, we are quite prepared to honour Montcalm as much as Wolfe. Both alike were brave men, who died for duty's sake. They are both stones in this part of the Imperial wall. To neither would we grudge an honoured place. The true attitude in this regard is expressed in the poem of one of Canada's well-known singers—

Wolfe and Montcalm ; two nobler names ne'er graced
The page of history, or the hostile plain ;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.

They passed into their rest without a stain
Upon their nature, or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valour claims and Feeling's self imparts.

Proud as we are of Wolfe and his almost miraculous achievement, we respect the memory of his gallant opponent, and are thankful that what was once a battlefield, where the bravest British and French blood dyed the ground, will henceforth, from the date of the Tercentenary celebration, be a beautiful public park, redeemed from all that disfigured it, where the children of the conquered and the conqueror will revel in the glorious sunlight of the brilliant Canadian summer, each seeking to outrival the other in their loyalty to Canada and the Empire.

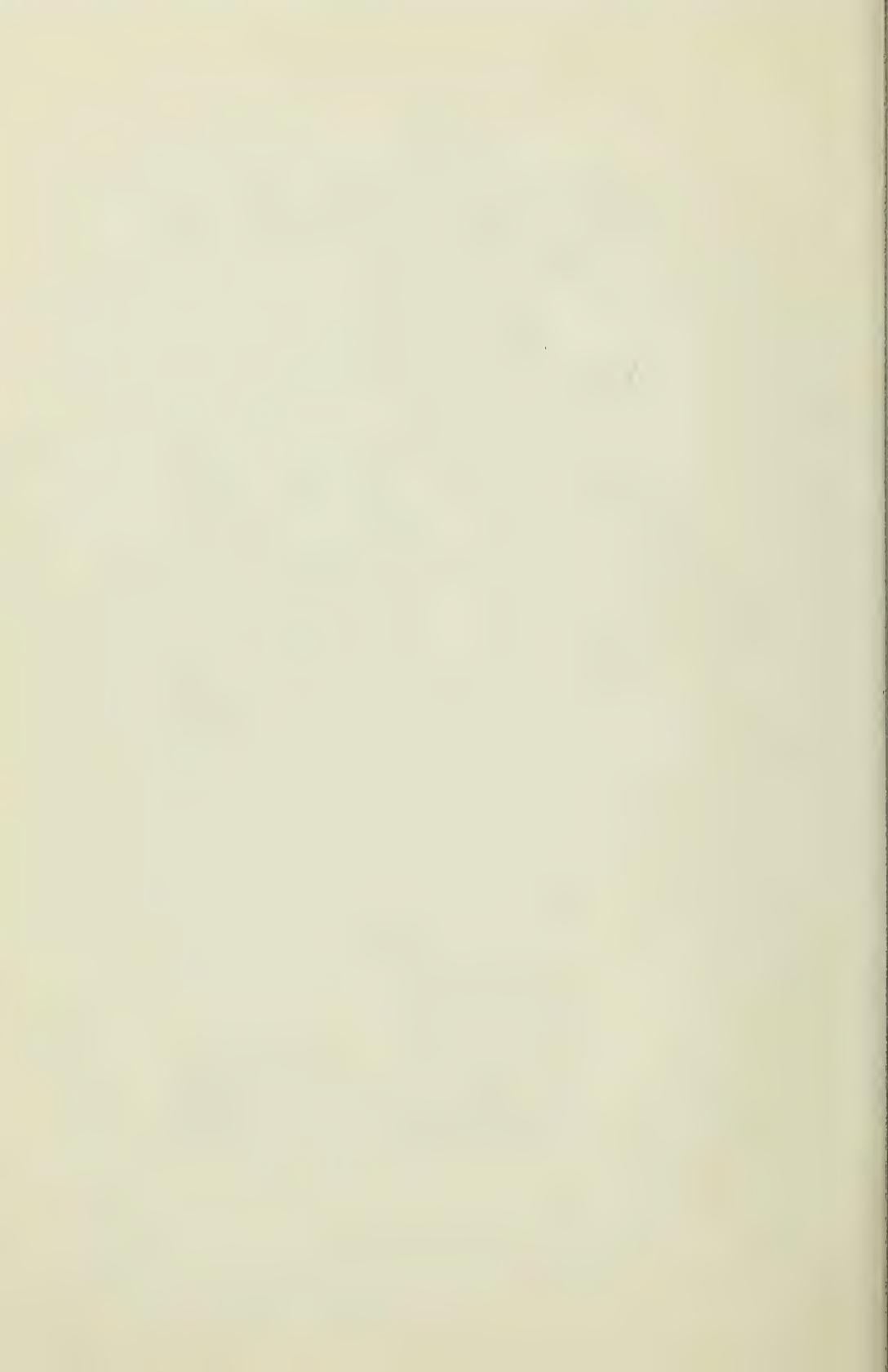
THE LESSONS OF THE CELEBRATIONS.

There are still interesting ceremonials to be performed—sports, religious services, regattas, treeplanting by the Prince, children's fetes, reviews of regular troops and Canadian militia, etc. ; but the stern call of duty from beyond the sea

bids us say good-bye. As we do so, many thoughts crowd into our mind. This Tercentenary celebration is not an empty show. There is a big purpose behind it. There is the large-hearted and far-seeing wisdom of the ruling race, which gives due consideration to *l'amour propre* of the French-Canadian. In view of this, for instance, it was decided not to have a sham bombardment of Quebec. Then there is the deep impression of British power, which must have been made alike upon other nations interested, and on the French-Canadians, to whom the Empire should be, not merely the Mother-Protector, but an empire to be proud of for its world-wide greatness,—an empire, moreover, which, should necessity arise, will expect and demand the active service, not only of all British-Canadians, but of all French-Canadians as well. In a great imperial crisis, there could be no whisper of “standing neutral”, —not even if it meant the shattering of the *entente cordiale*. The Grey Mother is the kindest and most just to all her children, but she can be also the most stern. There is much evidence that even the French-speaking Canadian would



Above the Horseshoe Fall.



not be found wanting. And then there is, perhaps, the most impressive thought of all. This Tercentenary is the celebration of the birthday of a great people. What Canada will be a hundred years hence no one can say. Her people have an affectionate way of saying "Canada," lingering on it, as when a good son says the word "Mother." They have the quiet confidence of strong men, and their standard of public morals is an example to the world. Divorce is hardly known in Canada; and this is only one of many distinctive features.

THE FUTURE OF THE DOMINION.

I have only seen a part of this gigantic country; but everywhere in it one seems to see written "The future is ours." There is no end to its potentialities. It has been said that "the twentieth century is Canada's." It may with greater certainty be added that much more will the centuries that follow the twentieth be hers. John the Baptist is the patron saint of the French-Canadian. There is something pathetically appropriate in the fact. New France of the old

regime was but the “forerunner” of the infinitely greater United Canada of the British Empire of to-day. But, even great as Canada now is,—the most robust of all the British lands beyond the sea,—she is only a “forerunner” of what she is to be. Canada is probably not the Garden of Eden. Nobody has discovered the site of that paradise anywhere. I know that there are many unemployed in Montreal, and even farther west. I met and talked with them myself. But there ever must be periods of depression in any country under the sun. And there is no place in the world where a more substantial reply will come to the petition “Give us each day our daily bread” than here, if the petition be expressed in conscientious, honest work. Canada is the place for strong, dauntless men, whether from the old country, or home-bred. It will be the motherland,—or I am much mistaken,—of the strongest nation produced by the Anglo-Saxon race.

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